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Jan. 28.—17.

A Golden Rule.

One appeal to God above
Supplicating for his love,
Daily offer. Peace of mind
Makes thee happy, good and kind.

Daily sing one cheerful song,
From the bosom's fiery throng;
Daily do one noble deed,
Daily sow one blessing's seed.

Daily make one foe thy friend,
Daily from thy surplus spend;
Daily when the gift is thine,
Write one verse in strains divine.

Daily seek kind nature's face,
Daily seek for some new grace;
Daily dry one sufferer's tear,
Daily one grieved brother cheer.

Daily drink from sparkling eye
Sweeter rapture; soar on high!
Then thy life will know no night,
And thy death be robed in light.

A Clever Story.

"An enterprising son of St. Crispin, wishing to put up a new sign at his shop door, requested a classical friend to furnish him with a motto, to put under the usual emblems of his trade, which he accordingly did, from the speech of Aeneas to Dido—*MEN'S CONSCIA RECTI*. A rival Crispin across the way, supposing the words to denote some new style of boots or shoes recently got up, and resolving not to be outdone, forthwith put up over his shop door—*MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CONSCIA RECTI MADE AND MENDED IN THE NEWEST FASHION*."

The above which we copy from a recent number of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser is the idea of a story which appeared in the New York Knickerbocker for August 1842, and which at the time, we condensed to use in our paper. It was laid by however, and forgotten, until the Newark Journal recalled it to our memory. Being thus reminded, we give our condensation of a long but amusing tale as follows:

A CLEVER STORY. We do relish a good story, especially one that is fresh from the mind's mint, and has not suffered by repeated narration. No matter whether there be any foundation on fact, or otherwise about a story, it is emphatically good, so long as it amuses; and, as to be amused for a space is to be contented for the same period, we argue that an ingenious story-teller is, in one sense, benefactor to his race. Laughter is wholesome, and he that makes one laugh, certainly does good, in spite of all that the satirist or cynic may say to the contrary. We seldom have space to amuse the readers of our little journal with the stories that make us laugh, and which in general will not bear condensation without destroying their pith and beauty though for the sake of our good-natured patrons and laughter-loving friends we often wish that our limits were less circumscribed. The August number of the Knickerbocker contains a "cute" story graphically delineating the fortility and utility of Yankee invention which is too ingenious to pass over without transcription, and as usual to long for our availability, entire. We have therefore endeavored to present it as follows, taking the liberty to shorten it for our purpose. It is clever, if not true; and if true, is substantially clever.

Nicholas Pelt was a worthy pedagogue from Yankee land, residing in Idleberg, who, whilst he taught "the young idea how to shoot" felt his own heart shooting for the love of Ellen Van Dyke, who says the chronicler, "was beautiful enough in all conscience." But, Nicholas had a rival. Hans Keiser, a young Dutchman was the swain that the old cobbler, Ellen's father, would have chosen for his daughter. The youth's parent too, had the same mind, and Hans was persuaded by his paternal that Ellen was in constant expectation of seeing him at her feet. Stimulated by his father's appeals and is extra tankard of beer, and expecting that all preliminary arrangements would have been made by Caleb Van Dyke (the girl's father) Hans proceeded on his way to the cobbler's, thinking of stars and bubbles, and full of lover-like hopes, believing that Ellen would fly to his arms in joy, and that there would be no delay about the wedding.

For the first time in his life, Hans was growing sentimental—but when he reached the cobbler's, the first objects he saw there, were the forms of Nicholas and Ellen, sitting close together, and whispering in great delight! Hans stumbled and stammered; old Caleb told him "not to be frightened, but to cut and come again;" and Ellen tossed her curls, and said pettishly that she thought Mr. Pelt "a very handsome, clever young man, and not an object to frighten boobies!" Hans's ire arose; he was mad with the girl, and the girl's father, so he stood at the street door and exclaimed, "I tell you what, old fellow, you've got this child into a tarnation scrape this time; but if ever you catch me in this diggings again, I'll be darned!" Caleb Van Dyke called after him, that he was "a fool," and then went to bed ruminating on a severe scolding to be administered to the refractory Ellen the next morning. Meantime, Nicholas Pelt, seeing which way the wind blew, had not been idle. The cobbler heard a step in his chamber, and Nicholas appeared with a great board on which were inscribed some quaint characters. Caleb began to suspect that Pelt liked his daughter, and he regarded the board as "a Yankee notion."

"And what do you call that?" he asked, gruffly. "My dear Sir," said Mr. Pelt, "this is nothing more than a sign-board. It is something new in town, and I think it will attract attention, and may do you some service." Then bringing the lamp to bear on the board, he displayed to Caleb various devices, inscribed on its surface, of boots and shoes of all sizes and fashions, the whole illustrated with the words:

Caleb Van Dyke,

MEN'S CONSCIA RECTI.

"And what is it for?" asked Caleb, trying in vain to interpret the cabalistic words.

Nicholas explained to the cobbler that it was intended to place over the front door, to certify to the public that he was "a good cobbler and an honest

man." But Caleb refused to have it put up. He had got along fifty years, he said, without any such bauble, and he wouldn't have it thought that he was turning Yankee in his old age. Besides, the town would burst its sides with laughter, and the boys would throw bricks at it. But Nicholas entreated, and after an animated discussion, Caleb consented that the board might be nailed up that very night, that the town might be surprised next morning with the suddenness of the apparition, as it would be the only sign-board in the village.

The next morning, Caleb with uncombed head looked from his window, and lo! all Idleberg was at his door. Men women, and children were there from all parts of the town, of all trades and professions, and amongst them Jonas Jones the rival cobbler, whose prosperity at the business had been so great that he had left the drudgery of it to the Company, and by the aid of the tailor, had metamorphosed himself into an exquisite. This individual harangued the crowd before Caleb's door, informing them that "he was from Boston, and the people were a set of dem'd fools to be making such a racket about a cobbler's sign." At this juncture, Hans Keiser made his appearance, and dreadfully incensed with the Van Dyke's declared the sign to be a Yankee contrivance to work mischief, and advised that it should be torn down as the only means of securing the lives and property of the citizens from the occult witchcraft which he believed to be at the bottom of it. The young Dutchman was suiting his action to his words when Nicholas Pelt appeared and commanded him to desist. A quarrel ensued, and the school-master hurled Hans to the ground. A regular pitched battle with "broken noses and cracked crowns" would have taken place, had not the cobbler himself rushed between them and prevented the continuance of the affray. Another pacificator also appeared in the shape of the fair Ellen herself, who, when she was seen by Mr. Jones, immediately created a violent sensation in the region of his heart and caused the cobbler to exclaim, "My heart! my eyes! what a dem'd foine ge-irl!"

When order was restored, and the business of the day begun, Caleb Van Dyke found that the plan of Nicholas had succeeded. Customer after customer came in to purchase a pair of new boots or shoes distinguished by the original name of men's conscia recti. The cobbler was complimented for his work; the people thought there never were such elegant stitches, such capital leather, or such a capacity for a fit! It was a prosperous tide in Caleb's fortune; he grew fat and facetious, and made presents to his family, till the minister had to preach to them about the worldly vanity. All this from the men's conscia recti. With Van Dyke's success the rival house of Jonas Jones & Co. were sinking into obscurity, and the unfortunate senior partner was smitten with the charms of Ellen Van Dyke. Mr. Jones found himself compelled to immediate action; he thought of offering himself as a partner with Caleb, and then being a Yankee, he was struck with a freak of fancy; he procured an immense board and a pot of black paint, and shut himself up for some days mysteriously. One morning Caleb Van Dyke looked up the street and beheld a great crowd before the Yankee's door, staring at a gigantic sign-board inscribed in quaint characters:

JONAS JONES & CO.

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CONSCIA RECTI.

Adjusting his spectacles to reassure him that he was not dreaming, he called the school-master and directed his attention to the rival sign-board.

"Well well," said Nicholas, "nobody but a Yankee would ever have thought of that. They are very bright over there, they have translated a Latin inscription into English in a manner truly original. I confess I never thought of that before; we will see however; we will see." And Nicholas went off in a brown study to his school-room.

Not a single customer called at Caleb's that day, nor the next, nor the next. Crowds thronged Mr. Jones', and the gentler sex were curious to see that particular fashion of shoe called "women's conscia recti." Mean time Nicholas Pelt was very grave, and spent all his leisure time in his chamber; and at the end of a week, during which Caleb's shop had been entirely deserted, Nicholas had the satisfaction of showing to his host a sign-board larger, longer, and more imposing than all the rest, inscribed:

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S CONSCIA RECTI.

It is needless farther to pursue the ebb and flow of popular favor between the rival cobblers. Yankee had met Yankee in the conflict of intellect, and fortune had smiled upon the school master. In a very short time Mr. Jones Jones and Company pulled up their stakes, moved farther west, and were never heard of afterwards.

Hans Keiser forgot his old love, and wedded a farmer's daughter, and Nicholas and Ellen were married, rejoicing that their "Love's young dream" had been realized out of the Yankee scheme of the men's conscia recti, a story related with infinite merriment at the wedding party. Nicholas soon informed his father-in-law that he was a cobbler as well as school master, producing as proof of this a pair of strong shoes made by him when a quondam pedagogue. Caleb took him into partnership, and the firm of Van Dyke & Pelt flourished like a green bay tree. The old sign-board was replaced by another, executed by the gifted Yankee, with this well-known inscription:

"Blow, blow, ye winds and breezes,
All among the leaves and trees;
Sing, oh sing, ye heavenly muses,
While we make both boots and shoes."

The posterity of Caleb drive to this day the old family carriage, which has painted on the panel of each door an odd looking pair of shoes, of the last century's fashion, beneath which are inscribed, in antique characters, the magical words—

MEN'S CONSCIA RECTI.

[Boston Transcript.]

Shawls are selling in New York at \$1500 a-piece, which probably raise some of the ladies a hundred per cent. on their "home valuation."

The latest question in physiology is, whether those persons who eat salt-petred beef will explode?

THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.—Remembrance

of Commodore Bainbridge.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Atlas, writing from Singapore, mentions the following pleasant incident. Tributes of praise from an enemy are at all times gratifying, and the admiration expressed by the British Commodore for an officer who had conquered him, reflects honor both upon the living and the dead:

Visit of Commodore Chads, R. N., to "Old Iron Sides," at Singapore.—Early in the month of February, 1845, the United States frigate Constitution, Capt. Percival, arrived in the roadstead of Singapore. The baneful breezes of Africa, and the vertical rays of a tropical sun, had made a hospital of the ship; her gun-deck, on the starboard side, was hung with cots and hammocks, as well as the forward cabin, which had been surrendered by the captain to the sick. The appearance of the ship, however, was not so bad within as it was without. A lead color and red streak had been given to her outside, and although this had been touched up at Zanzibar, still a long passage across the Indian Ocean had worn enough of the lead color away to permit the original sable to be seen, which with the streams of iron rust which had wept through from her hammock rail to the water's edge, told her condition as plainly as words. Before the anchor was let go, a boat with an officer came alongside from H. B. M.'s frigate Cambrian, to offer compliments, &c., of Commodore Chads. The officer's return brought the gallant commodore on board the Constitution. Captain Percival was confined to his couch, and was unable to receive his guest on deck. This duty was consequently done by the first lieutenant and officer of the deck. The commodore, a fine looking man, about fifty, more than six feet in stature, and perfectly erect, as he stepped over the gangway, simultaneously saluted the officers who received him, and surveyed the ship "fore and aft, aloft and aloof." The spar deck of the old ship looked passing well, comparatively, and the scrutiny of the commodore, remarked, was not mortifying. He was shown down to the cabin, where Captain Percival, on crutches received him.

"I have hastened on board your ship," said Commodore Chads, "to offer my services, having heard you were sick, as well as many of your people, and I have brought my surgeon, who has been long out here, and who can tell you all about the diseases of India." He then inquired if this was the ship called "Constitution" in 1813. Having been told that she was, in model, internal arrangements, and battery, although rebuilt, he said he was very glad to meet her again—that she was an old acquaintance—that in the action of the frigate Java he had had the honor to fight her after the fall of Captain Lambert, and notwithstanding he had hauled down his colors to the frigate Constitution, there were no reminiscences more pleasing to him than those resulting from the skill, bravery and gallantry of the noble Bainbridge, during and after the action. "The Constitution, sir, was manoeuvred in a masterly manner, and it made me regret that she was not British; but," said he, "it was Greek met Greek, for we were the same blood after all!"

Those men who could conquer the "invincibles of the Ocean," and afterwards win the hearts of their enemies whilst prisoners, the Navy is, the country should be proud of.

Commodore Chads left the ship after he had communicated everything important to us relating to the place in which we had just arrived, and given full assurances of his willingness to do everything to assist us that was in his power.

SINGAPORE, March 20, 1845.

"PULL IT UP BY THE ROOTS." The following anecdote, illustrating a grave truth is from a late number of the Cincinnati Gazette. We hope the concluding portion may be borne in the memory of all who have to do with the moral education of youth:

Passing yesterday in the lower part of the city we heard a father passionately command his son to pull up a dead tree by the roots. He stood over him with a rod. The little fellow tugged away at it in no very pleasant mood, eyeing his father, as if he expected a blow. "I can't," said the boy. "You shall," replied the father. We came up just at this moment, and, seeing the old man was about to strike, asked him "who owned the corner lot?" "I do," "Is it for sale?" "Yes if I can get enough for it," and we went into a long palaver—for he was keen enough about a trade—as to the increase of the city, &c. We found him a well meaning, intelligent man, and when his passion cooled, ventured to say to him, "That's a fine son of yours, (and his father's pride kindled quickly) and if you had tried kind means, I think you would have succeeded—suppose we try." "Well my son," said we to the boy, "we thought you were stronger than you are; why we know smaller lads who could pull up that tree." "I can do it," said the little fellow, and he was as good as his word, for up came the tree at his first effort. And why was not this done at first? The father's voice and manner wanted kindness; he took it for granted his son wanted to foil him, and he spoke angrily. The boy, finding himself treated in this way, resisted. How much do parents lose of authority and of respect by this want of kindness! If they could pull up these bad passions or habits by the roots, their children would pull up dead trees by the roots easy enough, when bid, and, as a general rule be as docile, as they are obedient, when directed to do anything. Kindness is better than the rod; a soft word wiser than harshness.

¶ An Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied, "No, indeed; Jemmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English." "Why so?" "Because, you see, I don't want Jemmy to know that I understand Irish!"

WISDOM.—Wisdom is the composure of the soul; and as in war, steel is better than gold for use, so wisdom is better than wealth. The chief business of a wise man is to distinguish what is good, and to show what is otherwise.—[Socrates.]